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## INDISCRIMINATE CHARITY.

On a bright summer day a short time ago, as an employer of labour was driving through Charlton, in Kent, on his way to London, he observed a poor man lying down by the wayside in a state of apparent exhaustion. Getting down from his trap, he elicited from the man that he had walked from Chatham that morning without food, and was on his way to the metropolis in search of employment, having been discharged from the Chatham dockyard a few weeks previously. After putting a few questions, the replies to which were satisfactory, the gentleman presented the poor fellow with half-a-crown and directed him to finish his journey by train from the station close by, giving him at the same time his card, with instructions to call on the following morning at the place of business pencilled thereon, when there might possibly be employment for him.

The next day passed without the man appearing; but on the following morning a gentleman from Bromley called and, producing the card, stated that the party in question had waited upon him seeking assistance, presenting the card as evidence of the *bona fides* of his recommendation; and that, giving him a shilling and leaving him in the hall while he directed some food to be taken to him, he found on his return that the fellow had decamped, carrying with him a great-coat and a silk umbrella.

At the time of this occurrence there existed much penury and want, owing to a number of people being out of employment, and this evil, instead of diminishing, has steadily increased; but while it is to be deplored that so much misery and destitution should periodically prevail throughout the land, it cannot but be admitted that many claims upon public sympathy, and upon the purse of the charitably disposed, are frequently preferred by persons of questionable character and unworthy of relief.

The country swarms with professional mendicants and tramps, many of whom are born and brought up to the business; the majority, how-

ever, proceeds from a class of improvident people, who, while they profess to be anxious to obtain employment, invariably indulge in the idleness of poverty in preference to the performance of such labour as would supply their more immediate necessities. All attempts, hitherto, to dispose of this pestiferous class or to keep it within proper limits have proved abortive. The labour-test in the vagrant wards does not trouble them, for they are too cunning to avail themselves of the guardians' hospitality.

Let any person, for a change, in preference to spending a holiday at the usual seaside resort, take a walking tour through the country clad in professional tramp costume, living as they live—omitting the mendicancy—frequenting the places they most affect, domiciling in the 'padding kens' they nightly patronise as they pass from place to place in the round of their nomadic life, and he will be amply repaid by the knowledge he acquires for the temporary inconvenience and discomfort he must necessarily experience.

Great facility is afforded to their operations by the possession of a hawkers' license. Armed with this authority, which is procurable for five shillings, and provided with either a few sheets of writing-paper and envelopes, which they term their 'book,' several cards of buttons, or a common comb or two, to which may be added a knowledge of the words of a couple of Moody and Sankey's or Salvationist hymns—tunes desirable, but not indispensable—as a cloak to their mendicancy, they can generally baffle all attempts of the police at detection. Giving Tuesday until Friday to working small country-places, they bestow their patronage on the towns on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. By intercommunication, few of them are unacquainted with the merits and demerits of the different poorhouses on their circuit, and know pretty well where to choose a hospital or infirmary, into which, by artistic preparation, they can obtain admission, and pass the winter comfortably should business prove slack. Their hardihood and persistence are somewhat remarkable, although not always attended with success.

'Och! shure,' said a female Hibernian, on hearing the charitable acts of a worthy priest highly eulogised, 'I must go and see his riverence,' and calling upon him with a piteous tale, she managed to obtain the loan of a shilling; and a month later, on arriving at the same place in the order of her route, she waited upon him 'to pay back the money so kindly lent in me thrubble; and shure, your riverence, if I could only get some good Christian to loan me a few shillins for a while, it wud be the makin' of me wid the haukin', so it wud.'—'Well,' said the reverend gentleman, 'here is the shilling you have so honestly repaid. I will give you that towards it; but don't trouble me again.'

To bestow food or clothing upon this class is mistaken charity. The former is only an encumbrance, to be got rid of at the first opportunity; and the latter is of no use unless available for the pawnshop.

'I don't want bread—I want coppers,' said a sturdy beggar the other day in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, as he threw the proffered bread into the street; and the act attracting the attention of an observant constable, was rewarded by him with a free pass for a night's lodging at the police station.

In the counties of Gloucester and Hereford, a rule was in force, a year or two ago, by which tramps were required to apply at the police station for a ticket, on which were inscribed their name, age, description, and destination. This ticket was accompanied, on its issue, by an order for a night's lodging and a pound of bread, and was also endorsed for another town on the tramp's route, some ten miles farther on, for the following night, where he would receive similar accommodation and allowance, and so be passed from town to town till clear of the county.

'Will you be kind enough to tell me how far I am from Aldershot?' inquired a decent-looking young fellow, a few months ago, of a gentleman who was walking in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham. Expressing his surprise at such an inquiry at such a distance, he put a few questions to the young man, and gathered from his replies that, being out of work, he was on his way to Aldershot, in order to enlist in a regiment in the camp there, in which regiment he had a brother serving Her Majesty.

Explaining to him that it was not necessary to walk such a distance to accomplish his purpose, and instructing him how to proceed, the gentleman gave him a shilling, on its being intimated to him in a quiet way that the military aspirant had not the necessary funds for his night's lodging. About three weeks after, the same gentleman was accosted by the same man in the vicinity of Gloucester, requesting to know if he was on the right road to Aldershot; and it is more than probable that the same individual is still inquiring his way to that military station.

Should a strike or unusual depression in trade occur in any locality, creating a call upon the charitable, to that locality will these human vultures flock, and ruthlessly thrust aside those for whose benefit the bounty is bestowed, in order themselves to prey upon the spoil.

Another class which preys upon the charitable consists of the families of the disreputable drunkards and loafers who are invariably to be found

in certain districts in every town, and who have no idea of earning a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; who, in far too many instances, maintain their worthless existence and satisfy the craving of their depraved appetites out of the proceeds of the wife and family's labour. These are men who, sunk in degradation through their own vices, would still loaf and idle even if there were employment for every working-man. Upon the families of these men charity is ill bestowed.

We have next a class of improvident people, with which all our large towns abound. No matter how brisk trade may be, they are never able to make both ends meet. When work is in full tide, no provision is made for any future contingency. The greater part of the husband's earnings passes into the publican's hands weekly. The wife pays her regular weekly visit on the Monday to the pawnshop to pledge, and on the Saturday to redeem. She patronises every travelling draper from whom she can obtain goods, the greater part of which finds its way to the pawnshop. She runs a weekly account for groceries and provisions at some small shop. Enter the house at any time, and the waste of food perceivable is almost incredible! There is not a charity in the town with which she is not acquainted, and from which she is not a recipient. Every charitably disposed person is a fair object for her operations, and the parish relieving officer is not free from her attacks. Her tale of misery is never ended, and her demands are insatiable. Let her but once enlist your sympathy so far as to obtain a pair of old shoes for her youngest child, or an old frock for her eldest girl, and from that moment your wardrobe ceases to be under your own control, and the rapacious demands to satisfy real and imaginary wants increase to an alarming extent.

'I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir,' from a female suppliant at the time of an epidemic, 'but you've been so kind during my husband's illness, that I make so bold as to ask if you will help me with a trifle towards his funeral.'

'Why,' was the reply, 'I thought your husband was in a Burial Club!'

'So he was, sir; but you see we got behind in our payments, and it threw him out of benefit.'

'When did your husband die?'

'Well, sir, he's not quite to say dead; but we don't think he can live over to-morrow.'

And such illustrations might be cited *ad infinitum*.

Nevertheless, the fact is incontrovertible that throughout the country misery and want are rife; and as the ranks of the unemployed are daily recruited by foreigners and the refuse from other lands, the demands at the most inclement season of any year will not be trifling.

Britain has never failed to respond to the cry of the wretched and the suffering either at home or abroad, and it is to be hoped never will; but it is desirable to prevent as much as possible the relief intended for the deserving poor from being appropriated by the undeserving and vicious. Misery that presents itself in appalling forms, openly to our view, is calculated to enlist our sympathy and aid, rather than that which remains unseen. The sturdy wooden-legged crossing-sweeper who stood in former years near London Bridge, and could afford to spend ten shillings

per day on his favourite brandy; the well-dressed children who, as clever violinists, a few years ago reaped a golden harvest under George Stephenson's monument in Newcastle-on-Tyne, while their disreputable parents lurked in the neighbourhood waiting to clutch the receipts for drink; the old widow Nanny Blain, who for twenty years received parochial relief in Scotland, and was buried at the expense of the parish, who lay with one hundred pounds in notes, and no end of silver coins, concealed in her bed; the miserable wretches with hired babes who prowl our streets for alms; the wretched match-selling children who haunt the places of public resort; even the urchins who vend the evening papers, and dare not return to their wretched homes without the amount necessary to satisfy their unnatural parents—these, and scores of other cases, have all in their turn excited our compassion and demanded our aid.

Wherever charity stretches forth its hand there will it be abused, and a great point for consideration is, how to reduce the abuse to a minimum.

'The poor ye have always with you,' were the words of the Great Teacher; but the deserving poor are not always to be found by the wayside begging. The class which loudly calls for sympathy and aid is of no blatant kind, but rather conceals much of its want and misery from public notice; when article after article of clothing, and even the very furniture, down to the poor bed itself, have been parted with to supply the commonest necessities of life. The husband has probably travelled many a weary mile day after day, legitimately seeking for work, only to return at nightfall to his poverty-stricken home with hunger gnawing at his vitals and despair in his heart. This class requires much searching out, and often when face to face with those who fain would relieve, make the most of their miserable surroundings in order to conceal their poverty. Indiscriminate alms-giving should be avoided and organisation adopted; not the organisation which requires elaborately furnished offices and a heavy staff of paid officials, but that which consists of benevolent individuals who have time at their disposal, and the heart and means to give, co-operating with each other.

In a northern town, one winter, forty railway trucks of coal were distributed amongst the poor by ticket, each ticket entitling the holder to thirteen hundredweight. Five-sixths of these tickets were sold by the recipients for a couple of shillings to the small coal-dealers and others. This abuse might have been avoided by the ticket simply authorising the holder to receive one hundred-weight per week for a certain number of weeks.

Soup-tickets are often obtained by shopkeepers in low localities, avowedly for distribution, but in reality for retail sale. Blankets find their way to the pawnbrokers. A benevolent Scotch lady once suggested that these should be procured in two separate colours, and the blankets divided down the centre, and the half of one colour neatly attached to the half of the other, thus answering the purpose of the gift or loan, but rendering it valueless as a pledge.

In all cases, the assistance afforded should be adapted to the circumstances of the case, and wherever possible, assume the form of a loan in preference to that of a gift. Money should

demand an equivalent of labour in some shape or form: an outhouse whitewashed, a stable cleaned, a fence mended, and a hundred other ways. Organisation could provide common material for shirt-making at proper prices by starving seamstresses, even if the articles were subsequently sold at a loss or given away. In any case, let something, however simple, be required in return, and so indiscriminate charity would be largely avoided.

## JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.

### CHAPTER V.

It happened on that particular morning that an unfortunate who was pretty constantly in trouble was seated at his desk at the very bottom of the class, and as far away from the fire as the confines of the room would permit. He was a gaunt and bony boy, who wanted a prodigious deal to eat, and rarely got it, his guardians being of opinion that it was well to teach children to repress their fleshly appetites early. He was a boy who grew very fast—which perhaps accounted for his being so constantly hungry—and there was always a *lacuna* between the bottoms of his trousers and the tops of his highlows, whilst his jacket was never within a size or two of his needs, so that his great red hands and bony wrists stuck out beyond his sleeves. He was a cold boy—he thought for his own part that insufficient nutriment left his circulation languid—and being at the farthest corner from the fire, he essayed to warm himself by a surreptitious beating of his limbs. Mr Macfarlane's desk stood beside the fire, and Mr Macfarlane was comfortable enough to make this behaviour on the boy's part seem scandalous.

'Jenvey,' said Mr Macfarlane, 'you are warned.'

The bony boy went quiet, and tried secretly to warm his fingers by blowing upon them from a distance, but met no great success. By-and-by Mr Macfarlane, turning away to tweak another boy's ears, Jenvey saw his chance, and began to beat his shoulders with his tingling fingers, whilst he kept a keen lookout on authority. Authority was one too many for him; the ear-tweaking had been no more than a cunning ruse, and when Macfarlane turned suddenly round, there were the guilty Jenvey's arms going like windmill sails. A frantic plunge to stop midway, and to assume an air and attitude of profound study, bettered the case from Macfarlane's point of view, inasmuch as it sent a leaden inkstand flying from the desk to the floor.

'Jenvey,' said Mr Macfarlane, softly and persuasively, 'come out, sir.'

Jenvey, ruefully sucking his chilled knuckles, numbed by their sudden contact with the inkstand, came out, filled with dire forebodings.

'You were warned, Jenvey,' said Mr Macfarlane regretfully and politely—'you were warned.' Jenvey knew his ways, and came on with the forebodings deepening. The schoolmaster took

up the bamboo from the desk, and gave a firm resounding slap with it, to quicken Jenvey's lingering footsteps and encourage him. 'Now, sir, will you be so kind as to explain this conduct?'

'I was cold, sir,' said the wretched Jenvey; 'I'm always cold, sir.'

'You will not be cold,' returned Mr Macfarlane with a soft reflectiveness—'you will not be cold, Jenvey, in a little while from now.' Jenvey gave a short sharp yelp, as if to say he knew he wouldn't, but on the whole would prefer to be; and the schoolmaster, taking a business-like grip of the jacket collar with his right, raised the dreadful left with the bamboo in it. 'Now, Jenvey,' said Mr Macfarlane, 'you know that this hurts me as much as it hurts you, but'—

'It's a lie!' bleated the desperate Jenvey.

The whole schoolroom was silent for a moment. The boys were petrified with astonishment and fear, and the schoolmaster himself was frozen by the impious horror of this rebellion. In the middle of this awful stillness, a laugh sprang up, a wild excited ringing laugh.

'Vale!' cried the schoolmaster, 'you dare to laugh at this unparalleled and shameful affront?—Stand up, sir.'

But Vale laughed the more, for the luckless Jenvey was his next-door neighbour and a chum, and overwrought sympathy and terror had already brought him to such a state that Jenvey's unexpected outbreak had thrown him into a sort of hysteria.

'Stand up, sir!' thundered Macfarlane, and the voice of power was strong enough to frighten hysteria away and to silence the shrieking laughter. 'Take your place upon that form, sir; I will attend to you directly.'

John obeyed. He could not have told, to save his life, what he had laughed at, but he knew that he could not have helped it. He was very pale, and his breath was troubled.

'Now, Jenvey,' said Mr Macfarlane. It was a brief exordium, and Jenvey could have wished it longer, not being yet learned in that philosophy which teaches that where an ill is unescapable, it is best to have it over. And whatever want of faith the ill-starred youth was conscious of in regard to Macfarlane's inward sufferings, he would have admitted, if it had been put to him, that the schoolmaster's prophecy had come true, and that he was not cold any longer. Macfarlane certainly bore his own pangs like a hero, and bated none of them. It sounded from outside as if a savage tribe had turned carpet-beaters, and timed the service with war-whoops. The most pressing sense of duty could not sustain Mr Macfarlane's powers for ever, and he found his strength failing him. The spirit was still willing, but the flesh was growing weak.

If everybody had not been so entranced by the excitement of the scene it might have been known earlier that a loud and exigent rapping sounded at the schoolroom door. As Jenvey grew hoarse and Macfarlane grew tired, the noise from without

grew louder. Then it ceased suddenly, the door was thrown violently open, and Isaiah appeared in the doorway. The schoolmaster let fall his uplifted arm and looked magisterially at the intruder.

'I'm sorry to spoil sport,' said Isaiah. Whether he were serious or satirical, his face showed nothing. 'You can finish when I'm gone, sir, if there's anything left to do. I want Master Vale at once.'

'Master Vale, I am sorry to say,' returned Mr Macfarlane, 'is at present in disgrace.'

'Well,' said Isaiah, 'he'll have to come out of it. We've just got news as his father's asking for him, and'—The rest of the sentence was whispered into Macfarlane's ear, Isaiah sheltering the whisper with his hand.

'Vale,' said Macfarlane, 'you are wanted at home.' John seemed to take no notice of this statement. It appeared, indeed, as if he had not heard it. 'You are wanted at home, Vale. Do you hear?' cried Macfarlane.

'What hast done to the lad?' Isaiah demanded, seeing that John stood still upon his form with an altogether vacant air.—'John! Master John! you come along with me; you're wanted. Your father's asking after you.'

'This is obstinacy,' said Macfarlane.

'It looks a good deal worse than that to my eye, gaffer,' Isaiah answered. He made his way to where John stood, and taking him up in his arms, bore him to the middle of the schoolroom and set him down before the fire. The wretched Jenvey was still moaning and whining, and was rubbing himself with many contortions. When he had rubbed for a second or two at one place, he seemed suddenly to remember another, and transferred his attention to that with an exasperated feeble yowl like that of a frightened cur.

'Never mind, Jenvey,' said John with a face strangely grave.

Jenvey left off rubbing and stared at him in mere amazement. The schoolmaster was puzzled and troubled; but Isaiah put an end to the scene by taking the boy's hand in his own and leading him away. Caps and overcoats and satchels were hanging up outside the schoolroom in a little corridor, and selecting John's belongings, Isaiah helped him to put them on, and led him into the street, through the long narrow playground and past the big green-painted gates. There stood the tall trap, with a small boy at the horse's head; and Isaiah, having given the boy a penny, lifted John into the trap, mounted after him, and drove away with many sidelong glances at his charge.

'Has the school-gaffer been beating you?' he asked, stooping sideways towards him.—John shook his head.—'Then what's put you into this state?'

'He beat Jenvey,' said John, breaking silence for the first time.

'Well, yes,' said Isaiah; 'he certainly did beat Jenvey.—What did he do it for?'

'Jenvey broke an inkstand,' John answered. The open air and movement were restoring him, but he spoke in an odd dream-like way. 'Then Mr Macfarlane called him out. Mr Macfarlane said it hurt him as much to punish Jenvey as it hurt Jenvey to be punished, and Jenvey said it was a lie.'

'That was it, was it?' asked Isaiah. 'Jenvey'll



grow wiser by-and-by than to show his wisdom.—But what made you fret so about seeing Jenvey catch it?

'I don't know,' said John. 'It makes my head swim; everything turns round, somehow.'

'That's how it is, is it?' Isaiah responded. His features did not lend themselves readily to the play of any emotion, but he looked often towards his young companion, as if he were disquieted. There was silence between the two for the space of perhaps a mile.

'Where are we going, Isaiah?' John asked him then. 'Are we going to father's?'

'Yes,' said Isaiah; 'that's where we're agoing to. We're agoing to your father's, Master John.'

Then there was another silence, and now, in place of Isaiah looking at him, John often looked at Isaiah; but he was busily intent upon the horse, and seemed to have no attention for anything else in the world.

'What are we going to father's for?'

'What are we agoing to your father's for?' Isaiah repeated, with that elaborate air of frankness which some people assume when they have anything to hide. 'Why, I suppose we're agoing to your father's because your father sent for you.'

'Do you know why father sent for me?' asked John.

'Why,' replied Isaiah, turning round to look more frank and open than before, 'because he wants to see you.'

'Yes,' pursued John, frightened by Isaiah's manner without knowing why. 'But what does he want to see me for?'—Isaiah hesitated, and looked confused.—'Is there anything the matter?' cried John.

'Well, in a way there is, Master John.'—The boy laid hold of his coat sleeve and looked up at him.—'Your father's been rather badly hurt this morning, and he wants you at home. A chain broke, somehow, at the mill, and a sack of flour fell on him.—Come, come, Master John; he won't like to see his little by crying; he'll expect his lad to bear up and be brave; that's what he'll naturally look for.'

'Is he—much hurt?' the boy asked, pausing, as if he hardly dared to put the question.

'Well, from what James told your uncle Snelling, he does seem to be rather badly hurt,' returned Isaiah. 'A sack of flour is a weighty thing, you see, Master John, and falling from a height, it would do a deal of damage to anybody it fell on.—That's only natural, ain't it, Master John?' He spoke as if he vaguely expected the boy to find some sort of comfort in this; but if his own hard visage, enamelled with soap and weather, showed anything, he seemed to find but little comfort for himself in it.

'Will he die, Isaiah?' the boy asked in a terrified whisper.

'Dear, dear!' returned Isaiah, avoiding his eye again. 'What has put such a thought as that into your head? We've all got to die, Master John; but there's none of us as will die afore the time comes.'

'Did it strike him on the head, Isaiah?' John in asking this question put his hand to his own head; and Isaiah, transferring the whip from his right hand to his left, put his hand on the boy's

further shoulder before he answered, and patted him twice or thrice.

'No, no,' he answered after a pause, in which a keener observer than young John might have thought that he mistrusted his voice. 'It wasn't so bad as that. He happened to be stooping at the time, James told us, and the bag fell on his back. It was a nasty thump, of course, and they had to carry him home. James drove down to tell your uncle Snelling about it, and so your uncle Snelling went on ahead, and sent me to fetch you with word to follow.' When Isaiah had got as far as this, he began to recover himself somewhat. He continued with friendly cunning: 'A man of your father's age, Master John, can't get a blow like that without suffering a good deal from it.—Now you listen to what I'm saying, Master John, and try to remember it, because it's for your father's good, and what's for your father's good is for your own good. It's like enough that your father won't be able to tell at first whether he's bad hurt or no. If he sees you frightened, he'll think you've heard somebody say as he's hurt very bad indeed, and then, don't you see that may cast him down? So you must just be as brave and quiet as you can, Master John.'

'I'll try, Isaiah,' said John, sobbing and trembling a little; and Isaiah put the horse to his best speed.

John looked anxiously at the house when they came in sight of it, and saw that the blinds of his father's bedroom windows were drawn down. Hostler James stood at the gate, guarding the doctor's chestnut mare and Uncle Snelling's sorrel. Isaiah catching the hostler's eye, gave an almost gesture of the left thumb, indicating John, and executed a ghastly grin of warning.

'What's the news now, James?' he asked as he alighted and fastened the reins to the fence.

'Young master's wanted up-stairs,' James answered guardedly; and John entered the house and climbed the stair with so strong a certainty of the worst imprinted on his mind, that he often recalled it in after-years, and thought it strange. The corridor at the head of the stairs was dark, and he had to grope for the bedroom door. When he had found it, he knocked softly, and Dr Haycock came to open it. After the clear wintry sunlight without, with everything made bright and dazzling by a coat of dry powdery snow, the room looked dark, and John could only make out the great old-fashioned mahogany four-poster with its canopy and hangings of dark maroon as if it had been a cloud in twilight.

'Is that John?' his father's voice asked faintly. He knew the voice, and yet it was strangely altered; all the manhood had gone out of it, and it was weak and low. 'Bring him where I can see him.'

This request and the gloom of the chamber and the silence of the dim twilight figures there all seemed like a continuance of the dread certainty which had fallen upon the boy in the darkness of the stairway. Uncle Snelling's great bulk reared itself beside the bed on the far side. The housekeeper stood on the near side, her white cap a little clearer than other objects against the dark bed-curtains; she took young John by the hand. Why so gently, unless that awful sense of certainty were true?

'Put him on the bedside,' said the farmer.—'Give me a kiss, lad. I'm glad thee gottest here in time.'

There was the certainty again, but John stooped and kissed his father without a sob or a tear. He found his cold hand, and held it in both his own, fondling it softly, as if he had been the elderly man and the sufferer had been the child.

'It's a mercy I'm in no pain,' said the farmer in that changed voice. 'I should ha' thought a man would ha' suffered.' He paused for a time and then called 'Robert.'

'Well, John?' asked Snelling, stooping over him.

'You'll find everything straight and orderly. You'll be sole executor, and John's guardian until he's twenty-one. I've left you a thousand pound in ready money, in testimony of our friendship and the esteem we've had for one another.'

'Thank you, John,' said Snelling; 'I take it kindly of you. I've neither chick nor child of my own, and John will get it again when my time comes, and something to the back of it.'

'The rest,' said Vale, 'goes to John. I leave him to your charge, Robert. You've been good to him always; but now you'll have to stand for everybody. He's got nobody else i' the world. Be good to him, Robert.'

'Make your mind easy on that score, John,' Snelling answered; 'he shall be taken care of.'

'It's a great blessing to be out of pain,' said the farmer after a long interlude of silence. 'I should ha' thought a man would ha' suffered more.'

Young John heard, saw, and noted everything that was to be seen, heard, and noted. He was aware of no unusual interest, and yet he remembered years afterwards the position and aspect of things about the room.

'You'll find yourself remembered, Mrs Herrick,' the farmer said, turning his eyes upon the housekeeper. 'So will James.'

Except his eyes and his pale lips, not a feature stirred, and his head and limbs were as immobile as if he had been dead already. The eyes rolling round the darkened chamber, and the face otherwise motionless, frightened the boy, and he clung tightly to the cold hand he held. The eyes turned towards him.

'Kiss me again, lad.—Good-bye. Be a good lad, John.—You'd better take him down-stairs, Mrs Herrick.'

'No, no,' John besought him in a whisper.

'Let the lad stay,' the dying man said feebly. 'Poor little chap. I'm all that's left him, and he won't have me for long.'

Snelling, moving noiselessly, crossed to the doctor, and whispered to him. The doctor shook his head, and the two stood side by side in the twilight looking down. Suddenly the farmer spoke out clear and loud: 'Robert, you'll do your duty by him?'

'Make your mind easy about that, John,' Snelling answered. 'I shall do my duty by him.'

With that Vale sighed and closed his eyes, and the elders looking at him saw that his chin had fallen. The housekeeper took young John by the hand and led him away. He knew as well as she did what had happened, and wept bitterly.

He had good reason to weep, being thus robbed of that kindly father; but if he had seen into Uncle Snelling's mind, he would have found a better reason still.

(To be continued.)

#### OVERLAND TO INDIA IN 1789 AND 1889.

It has long been a common thing for novelists to seek material for their pens in depicting the marvels and wonders of which the year 1900 A.D. will be the witness. The pen of Lytton has described for us the 'Coming Race;' and other writers have exercised their ingenuity in picturing the circumstances by which that remarkable people will be environed. Submarine vessels, self-steering air-wagons, the utilisation of the central fire, are only some among the many marvels which the end of the twentieth century will, according to them, employ as every-day mediums. It is not, however, our present purpose to add to these annals of prophetic fiction; but to go back in spirit, and see some of the ways and means of our forefathers even a short hundred years ago.

A weekly mail, and, in an emergency, the cable, has been so long familiar to us, that it is difficult to realise that India is really four thousand miles away; while, thanks to Indian Museums and Colonial Exhibitions, it is no longer to us the land of marvel that it was to our forefathers. In a general way we know and realise that Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, and Drake found travelling no very easy thing; but they are out of our sphere and age, and we cannot fancy ourselves in any way like them. India of to-day is a thing that we understand. It is a little out of the way; but one can take a return ticket to it as one would from Baker Street to Gower Street, spend six weeks upon its shores, and return home to keep an engagement not quite three months old. It is a little pleasure trip in which one experiences in reality little more discomfort than would be one's lot in a journey to Switzerland. The traveller can time himself to a minute. Sixty hours to Brindisi, three days to Alexandria, ten days from there, and the journey to Bombay is an accomplished fact.

Such is the overland route of to-day; but such was not the overland route of 1789. In that year, Major John Taylor of the Bombay establishment, partly for private reasons, and partly on behalf of the Honourable East India Company, decided, as the sea-route via the Cape was ineligible at that season, to proceed to India by an overland journey, via the Tyrol, Venice, Scanderoon, Aleppo, the Great Desert to Bassorah, and the Persian Gulf. His companions in this most arduous undertaking were Mr Blackader, also of the Company's service, and Mrs Taylor, who intended only to proceed as far as Venice, but who eventually elected to follow her husband to India. The first and most necessary item of the outfit required for the journey, and upon the worth of which the Major lays great stress, was a strong travelling coach, completely fitted up. To us of to-day it is difficult to understand the meaning of the term, unless one takes for a model that famous carriage of the First Napoleon which was so familiar an object to our young eyes in the showrooms of Madame Tussaud. To this, besides the necessary changes

of linen, were added two pair of pistols and a gun 'with the necessary apparatus;' portable soup, tea, a medicine chest; some maps of the countries through which they were to pass, a compass, a spyglass, a sextant, and some phosporus matches. Two servants accompanied the party—one a native of Bengal, and the other a European, who could talk both French and German.

A start was made from London at 10 A.M. on the 22d of August 1789, and Ostend was reached in twenty-eight hours. Fast coach-travelling leaves little time for observation of scenery or people; but in the Major's notebook we find remarks upon the different places at which they stopped, which read strangely now. The approach to Aix-la-Chapelle is described as 'unspeakably bad;' at Cologne the accommodation seemed tolerable; but the travellers were detained there all night, as the gates of the city were closed immediately after their arrival, and were not opened till next morning; they therefore slept all night in their coach, so as to be able to start at an early hour next morning. Nassau is 'poor and ill built;' while near it are described the hot springs of 'Embs,' which, however, 'were not much frequented,' as the more fashionable attractions of Spa drew away all but those whose slender purses made the last place inaccessible. At Worms they were again obliged to sleep in the coach during heavy rain. Incidents such as fording rivers, passing dangerous mountain defiles with a wall on one side and a precipitous gulf on the other, are common. Although they make light of the bad accommodation and food they met with, they complain bitterly of the bad roads, of the inefficiency of the drivers, and of the want of post-horses. At almost every town they lost time waiting for relays of horses, and had to submit to the extortion and insolence of the postmasters. For two days they travelled behind the carriage and suite of the Polish ambassador to the Porte, who of course monopolised all the fresh posthorses, and left behind him his jaded cattle for Major Taylor's use. At Trent, to avoid this, he changed his route, and thus got ahead of the ambassador, and reached Venice twenty-four hours before him. The total distance from London to Venice (ten hundred and fifty-two miles) was accomplished in seventeen days, and at a cost of two hundred and fourteen pounds three shillings and sixpence.

In the city of the Doges the party was detained from the 8th until the 17th of September before they could secure a vessel to proceed down the Adriatic. However, after many wearying delays, they embarked in a small brig, whose master agreed to conduct them in safety to Cyprus, the passengers finding themselves in everything save water, fuel, and fire; and to defray their passage they were to pay the captain the sum of seventy-one pounds and tenpence, and further to make him a present according to their generosity and to the attention they received on board his ship. That the comfort and speed of the journey were not great, we may infer from the earnestness with which Major Taylor urges his friends never, in a like emergency, to engage with a Slavonian. Here, enraged with these needless delays, they attempted to leave the ship and to engage with another. This plan the captain attempted to frustrate by refusing to allow them to disem-

bark. However, this was finally accomplished, and Zante was quitted on the 14th of November, an English vessel bound for the Levant having opportunely made its appearance; and the party landed at Scanderoon on the 28th. From here they rode to Antioch under the protection of parties of Turkish soldiers placed along the route to protect travellers from the extortions of various neighbouring pashas; and they entered into that ancient stronghold of Christianity after two days' journey. Of the inhospitality and hostility of the Antiocheans, Major Taylor speaks bitterly; and when they finally got away, the party, by the advice of a friendly Armenian, walked to the outskirts of the town, to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of the natives, who would not allow to Europeans the dignity of mounting on horseback within their gates.

From Antioch, their way led to Aleppo—which our traveller enthusiastically describes as a flower-surrounded city rising from the bosom of a desert—and thence to Bassorah across the Great Desert. Major Taylor engaged a caravan for his party at a cost of three hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence, by which they were allowed fourteen camels for the tents, baggage, &c., besides those for their own riding. Thanks to the intelligence of their escort, the usual troubles to be expected from hostile sheiks were avoided or compromised by presents; and after thirty days' march and the endurance of many discomforts and privations, they entered Bassorah. Here they rejoiced to see the British flag flying over the house of the Resident, who received them cordially. The comforts they here enjoyed, the fruit which abounds in that district, appeared to them, after their many and arduous trials, the height of luxury. On the whole, their journey through the Desert was a quick one; for, though Major Taylor allows that, mounted on a dromedary like his Arab guide, and travelling express with no encumbrances of tent or baggage, a man may cross the Desert in thirteen days, yet he judges that few Europeans could stand the fatigue and exposure.

At Bassorah they were not exposed to any needless delay, for the cruiser *Intrepid*, belonging to the Honourable East India Company, was fortunately in the bay; so the party promptly embarked for Bombay, and, after one or two *contretemps*, reached their destination, after a passage of twenty-one days, on the 23d of February 1790; thus making a total of one hundred and eighty-six days from London. The entire cost of this journey for the three travellers and their two servants was thirteen hundred and twelve pounds eighteen shillings and threepence.

Such is a brief sketch of what our great-grandfathers underwent who tried the overland route to India just one hundred years ago; and on the whole, Major Taylor and his party were very fortunate. Five years previously, a party of gentlemen had essayed to return from India by this Bassorah route, and on their arrival in that city, found the Desert to be reported by the natives in so unsettled a state, that they changed their line of march, and embarked upon the river Euphrates, to Hillah, thence to Bagdad, and so to Aleppo. They divided their numbers; and the first party, under protestations of friendship and promises of escort, were cruelly murdered by the

Arabs. The second band, warned by signs and symptoms of excitement among their treacherous allies, only saved their lives by their determined attitude; and after numberless escapes from worse than death, arrived in Marseilles twenty-one months after their departure from Bombay.

Though Major Taylor could hardly deem his experiment a success, he was too much impressed with the necessity of finding an expeditious route to India to be discouraged by his failure. In 1789, France was threatening the safety of our Indian possessions. The Eagle was striving to rend from the Lion this important and valuable prey. So Major Taylor argued that India would be attacked through Egypt and the Red Sea, and urged that British supremacy should be maintained in these parts at any cost. Keeping this, then, in his mind, he next records his journey to England via Suez, which journey he computed could be done in the most expeditious manner and in the most favourable season in sixty-five days eight hours. To effect this, he advocated that an agent should be established at Messina with relays of boats to forward despatches to Alexandria; that from thence the consul should forward them by native messengers to Suez; that they should be conveyed from there to Mocha by relays of country-boats, for whose safety armed vessels should be maintained in the Red Sea; and that at Mocha one of the Company's cruisers should be in waiting to sail at once for Bombay.

Such was the quickest means that could be devised a century ago to communicate between England and India; and it must be borne in mind that sixty-five days could only hold good in the most favourable season of the year, and without regard to the numberless delays that might arise where so many changes and different bearers were necessary. For the expenses of this journey for a single gentleman travelling without a servant, Major Taylor found by experience that it could not be done for less than one hundred and fifty pounds. As for letters and packages from India to England, the scale of charges was in 1793 as follows: two ounces, four rupees (eight shillings); three ounces, nine rupees; four ounces, sixteen rupees; five ounces, thirty-five rupees.

But this or any overland route to India was in 1789 practically closed to any but the Livingstones and Stanleys of their day. It was an arduous and difficult undertaking, full, as we have seen, of perils by land and sea from robbers and pirates. It bore no more likeness to the overland route of to-day than did the pillions upon which our great-grandmothers rode to church to Pullman cars. The difference is too great for us of the nineteenth century to draw a parallel. Let the reader who is unacquainted with modern improvements go down to the docks and inspect one of the magnificent Peninsular and Oriental vessels that weekly start for the East. It is absurd to say that they are merely comfortable, for many who travel by them experience more of luxury while on them than they have ever done before. From the electric light to chain mattresses, nothing is wanting to complete the comfort of passengers, and all responsibility for the voyage drops the moment the passenger sets foot on deck until he reaches Bombay.

Of the old sea-route—that is, the ordinary

journey round the Cape—it is needless to speak. Vile accommodation, worse food, and still worse water, and a journey that lasted indefinitely from seven to ten months, formed the sum-total that might be gathered from its logbook. Truly, if the old Company's servants reaped a rich harvest in India and shook the pagoda tree to some purpose, they deserved all they gathered. If, indeed, we are to judge of the future by the past, how shall we prophesy for the year of grace 1889? What will then be our position on the political map? We cannot tell; but no change that can occur will be as perplexing to us, could we then 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' as would be the changes that have taken place during the last hundred years to our ancestors of 1789.

## JEREMY YORK.

### CONCLUSION.

EIGHT months have passed, and the scene is now on the broad equinoctial ocean, with the fiery atmosphere of the Antilles in every cat's-paw that tarnishes the polished heaving mirror let the faint air blow whence it will; a sky of copper brightening into blinding dazzle round about the sun, that at his meridian shines almost directly over the mast-heads, and transforms the vast spread of sea into a sheet of white fire, trembling into the blue distance faint with the haze of heat.

There was a small West Indiaman named the *City of Glasgow* that had been lying stagnated on these fervid parallels for hard upon four days. There was no virtue in awnings, in wetted decks, in yawning skylights, in open portholes, and the heels of windsails to render the atmosphere of the 'tween-decks and cabin tolerable to the people aboard the ship. The air was sickly with the smell of blistered paint, the brass-work was fiery hot, and took the skin off the hand that for a moment unconsciously touched it; the pitch was like putty between the seams; the fresh water in the scuttle-butts was warm as newly drawn milk, but quite without dairy fragrance. It was time, indeed, for the wind to blow. The mere detention was nothing in those pleasant times of groping. In cooler climes the mate would have been satisfied to whistle for wind for a month, and go below every time his watch was up with a feeling that he had done everything that was necessary, and that all was well. But the heat made an enforced resting-place off the Cuban heights insufferable.

It was half-past eight o'clock in the morning watch; the hands had come up from breakfast and were distributed on various jobs about the deck. There was not a breath of air; but there was a run of glassy folds from the south-west, which within the past hour had somewhat increased in weight; and upon these long-drawn heavings, the ship, that was a mere tub in form, as all vessels were in those days, saving, perhaps, the piratical *barco longo*, rolled as regularly as a pendulum swings, swelling out her canvas to one lurch, only to bring it in to the masts again at



the next with sounds like the explosions of nine-pounders in the tops.

The captain of the *City of Glasgow* was a small fiery-faced man, with deep-set eyes that glowed like cairngorms under the shaggy thatches of the brows, a nose that not a little resembled a small carrot both in shape and hue, and a mouth with a set of the lips that indicated a highly peppery temper. He walked to the mate, who stood near the wheel fanning himself with a great straw hat.

'When is this going to end, sir?'

'I don't know, sir.'

'Blood, sir! Is there no limit to calms? Thunder and slugs! If this goes on, we must tow—d'ye see, *tow*, I say—get the long-boat over and crowd her with men. What though they frizzle? We must get out of this, or!'

He was probably about to launch into a piece of profanity, but he was interrupted by a cry coming down from aloft, delivered by a man who had been sent on to the mainroyal yard to repair some defect that the vigilant eye of the boatswain had detected: 'Sail ho!'

The little fiery-faced captain started, and looked as if he scarcely credited his hearing; then running to the rail, he thrust his head clear of the awning and bawled up to the fellow, 'Where away?'

'Right astarn,' was the answer of the man, swinging with one hand from the tie as he pointed with the other directly over the taffrail to the gleaming haze of sea-line there.

'Well,' said the skipper, 'that should be a sign there's wind somewhere about.'

'It is some craft,' said the mate, 'that may be bringing a draught of air along with her.'

'Don't talk of a *draught* of air, sir,' said the captain passionately; 'what we want is wind, sir, a fresh breeze—a gale—a howling hurricane, by thunder! Hant we had enough of cat's-paws? Draught of air!' he muttered under his breath with a look of loathing in his eyes as he made them meet in a squint upon the compass card.

But the mate was right on one side of his remark, at all events. What the fellow aloft had sighted proved to be a ship climbing the shining slope to the impulse of a breeze; but it was not until her royals were trembling like stars above the horizon, with nothing else under them showing, that the people of the *City of Glasgow* caught sight of the line of the wind darkening the waters in the south-west. In half an hour's time it was blowing into the canvas of the West Indianman, raising a pretty tinkling sound of running waters all around her; and though it came warm as the human breath, yet, after the long spell of hot and tingling calm, it put a sense of coolness into each fevered cheek turned gratefully to the quarter whence it came. If ever the crew of the *City of Glasgow* desired an illustration of the ponderous sailing qualities of the clumsy old castellated wagon they navigated, they might have found it in the rapid growth of the stranger astern. By noon she had risen to the reefband of her forecourse, with her flying jib yearning fair over the water-line. She was clearly making the same course as the West Indianman. Indeed, it took rather the form of a pursuit, for, when first seen, she was apparently heading to the north-west; but scarcely had the

West Indianman to the first of the breeze trimmed yards for the north-east, than the stranger was observed to also haul her wind.

The fiery little captain did not like it. What was she? A Spaniard? A Frenchman? A Dutchman? He packed on studding-sails, but to no purpose, for the fellow astern came along hand over hand, as though her crew were warping her up to a stationary object. Presently she was showing fair on the water, a big yellow craft, with great curling headboards and a double line of batteries. Then, when she was plain in view, puff! blew a white ball of smoke from a forechaser, followed by the dull thud of the distant gun; and a minute after, the mate, who was working away at her through a long perspective glass of the period, cried out that she had hoisted the Union Jack at her fore.

'Well, and what's that to me?' bawled the fiery little captain.—'Anybody observe if that gun was shot?' There was no answer. 'What do they mean by shooting at us? Wounds, but it may be a trap! Hoist away our colours and keep all fast.'

Five minutes later, the stranger fired again; but observing that no notice was taken of the summons, she waited until she was within range, then, yawing, let drive with such good aim as to bring the West Indianman's mizzen topgallant-mast down with a run. The sight of the wreckage struck a panic into the soul of the little fiery captain.

'Down stun'-sails; man the braces!' he roared; 'bring her to, or he'll founder us.'

In a few moments the *City of Glasgow* lay with her foretopsail to the mast, docilely waiting for what was to happen.

It was not long before the ship had ranged alongside, and she then proved to be a great fifty-gun man-of-war, an Englishman on a West Indian cruise, with crowds of pigtailed heads looking over her bulwarks forward, and a quarterdeck brilliant with the quaint naval uniforms of that day—if, indeed, it can be said that any approach to a uniform was then established. A stout man in a cocked-hat, white silk stockings, handsomely laced coat, and a big white wig, mounting on to the rail of the man-of-war, clapped a huge copper speaking-trumpet to his lips and bawled out, 'Ship ahoy! What ship are you?'

The little peppery captain sprang on to a hen-coop and answered, 'The *City of Glasgow* of London, from Havana.'

'Keep your topsail to the mast; I'll send a boat,' cried the other.

'A boat?' cried the little chap, turning to his mate. 'What does he want to send a boat for? Does he question my papers?—Zounds! if there be any sort of law still agoing in the old country, I'll make him pay for that mess up there;' and he sent a fiery glance at his topgallant-mast.

The boat plunged from the man-of-war's side; a crowd of sturdy fellows armed to the teeth jumped into her; a young marine exquisite, with a hanger on his hip and a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his breast, his laced hat airily cocked upon his head, and a flash of jewels upon his fingers, took his place in the sternsheets, and with a few sweeps of the long oars, the boat was alongside. The dandy lieutenant stepped aboard.

'Why did you not heave to,' he exclaimed in an affected drawl, 'when you were summoned by our cannon?'

'How did I know what you fired for?' cried the irritable captain. 'Look how you've served me;' and he pointed aloft.

'Pon honour!' exclaimed the lieutenant, 'you deserve that we should have sunk you.' He applied the scented pocket-handkerchief to his nose, as though he could not support the smell of the hot pitch and blistered paint rising into the atmosphere from off the Indianman, and exclaimed in a voice as if he should swoon, 'Muster your men, sir, and for the Lud's sake be quick about it.'

The little captain fully understanding the significance of this order, was about to remonstrate, but seemed to change his mind on catching the glance that was shot at him from under the seemingly sleepy lid of the languid, perfumed sea-dandy, and repeated the lieutenant's order to his mate, turning sulkily on his heels afterwards, and starting off into a sharp fiery walk betwixt the binnacle and the mizzen rigging.

The boatswain's pipe shrilled to the silent hollows of the canvas aloft; the men stood along the deck, and the lieutenant with six armed seamen at his back fell to picking and choosing. The man-of-war wanted twenty men to complete her complement, and of these the Indianman must contribute ten. There was no help for it; and the little captain had presently the mortification to witness ten of his best seamen descend the side with their bundles and bags and enter the boat, which forthwith carried them aboard the fifty-gun ship.

One of these ten men was a tall handsome young fellow, whom no one who had before known him could have failed instantly to recognise as Jeremy York, spite of his assumption of the name of Jem Marloe, of his hair being cut short in front and rolled into a tail down his back, and of the hue of it, that had been a sunny auburn, being now whitened as though dusted with powder. He was the second of the ten men to step on board. It was not only that he was the most conspicuous of them all by reason of his stature and beauty—for his frame had long since erected itself into its old manly port out of the stoop and depression of ill health; he was specially noticeable besides for an air of profound indifference. Most of the others glanced insolently and mutinously about them, savagely resentful of this impressment and of their liberty as merchant seamen being abruptly ended without regard to wages, to cherished hopes, to their homes, their wives, their sweethearts, their children ashore. A number of the ship's crew stood near the mainmast watching the new hands as they went forwards marshalled by the boatswain. On a sudden Jeremy York was seen to come to a dead stand with his eyes fixed upon one of these sailors; his bundle fell from his hand, his face turned to a deathlike white, shiver after shiver chased his form, they saw his fingers convulsively working, and his eyes, filled with horror, dismay, incredulity, seemed to start from their sockets with the intensity of his stare. They believed he was seized with a fit, and would fall to the deck in a minute; and amongst those who sprang to his assistance was the fellow on whom his gaze

was riveted. He shrieked out at his approach, and fell upon one knee trembling violently, swaying to and fro, to and fro with his hands pressed to his eyes in the posture of one wild almost to madness.

'Is the man ill?' bawled a lieutenant from the quarter-deck. 'If so, bear him below, and let the surgeon attend him.'

York staggered on to his legs, and looking at the man at first sight of whom he had appeared to have fallen crazy, he cried in a weak faltering voice, 'Your name is Worksop? You were bo'sun of a West Indianman.'

The other, full of amazement, with a slow bewildered stare at York and then round upon his shipmates, answered in a hurricane note, 'That's so: I ain't ashamed. My name's Worksop, and I was bo'sun of a West Indianman, as ye say.'

'Look at me!' cried York, 'O man, look at me! What have I suffered through you! Do not you remember me?'

Any one would have laughed outright to have witnessed the perplexity that lengthened yet the longdrawn countenance of Worksop.

'What's all this?' cried the lieutenant in charge of the deck, coming forward angrily.

'Sir,' shrieked York, 'I have been hanged for the murder of that man!'

'Mad, by Heaven!' cried the lieutenant: 'sun-stroke, no doubt. Take the poor devil below, and see to him.'

'Sir,' cried York, clasping his hands, 'I beg you to listen to me one minute. I am not mad indeed. Mr Worksop there will remember that one night more than eight months ago he gave me a share of his bed at an inn at Deal called the *Lonely Star*.'

Worksop started and looked intently at the speaker.

'I quitted the bed to get some water; when I returned, my companion was gone. Blood was found in the bed; there were bloodstains down the staircase, along the roadway to the beach; there was blood upon my shirt, although, as God is my witness, I knew not how it came there. They found his knife upon me, which I had taken from his pocket whilst he slept to prise open the door with; and also a gold coin belonging to him they found, though how I came by it I vow, before Heaven, I know not; and on this evidence they hanged me!'

He faltered, hid his face, and fell to the deck in a dead faint.

'Hanged him, hanged him for me!' shouted Worksop in the voice of a man about to suffocate. 'Hanged him for me!' he repeated. 'But, lor bless my soul and body! I was never murdered, mates!' and in a very ecstasy of astonishment, he hooked an immense quid out of his cheek and flung it overboard.

'Rally this poor fellow, some of you,' exclaimed the lieutenant, and hastened aft to the captain to make his report.

A bucket of cold water topped with a dram of rum served to restore York to consciousness; and when he had his wits, he and Worksop were conducted by a midshipman to the captain's cabin.

'What is all this?' inquired the gray-haired commander, levelling a piercing glance at York,

as though he had made up his mind to be confronted by a madman. 'D'ye mean to tell us that you've been *hanged* for the murder of yonder seaman alongside of you?'

'Yes, sir; I've been hanged as his murderer;' and thus breaking the silence, York proceeded. He told his story in good language, plainly and intelligently, with an occasional catch of his breath and a sob or two when he spoke of his sweetheart.

'You were hanged,' cried the commander, watching him with a fascinated countenance, for the corroborative looks and nods of Worksop as York delivered his tale had soon abundantly satisfied the captain that the poor young fellow was speaking the truth—'you were hanged,' he repeated, 'strung up by your neck in the customary style, I suppose, and left to dangle for the usual time. And yet you are alive!'

'I am coming to that, sir,' said York respectfully. 'Everybody was against me whilst I lay in jail awaiting my trial at the assizes; but after I had been sentenced to be hanged, there came a bit of a change in some folk's minds; not that they doubted my guilt, but they thought it hard, perhaps, that a young fellow should die for a crime he swore he had never committed—that he should suffer death on no stronger evidence than some blood-marks and a knife and a coin, when by rights they should have found the murdered man's money upon him, besides making sure that he *was* dead,' glancing as he spoke at Worksop, 'by the discovery of his body. Sir, my sweetheart got to hear of this feeling and worked upon it, and got a number of young fellows to hang about the gibbet and shore me up, as is often done, I'm told, after the cart had been drawn away. The rope was too long, my feet touched the ground—that's what they told me. It all went black with me soon after I felt the tightness in my throat; and when I recovered my mind, I found myself in a little cottage someway the Deal side of Sandwich, with my sweetheart, Jenny, kneeling by my side, and a Sandwich barber letting blood from my arm. What was then to be done, sir, being a live man, but to get out of the country as fast as I could? Jenny helped to disguise me, gave me all the money she had, having spent what the owners of my ship had sent her on a lawyer to defend me at the trial; and walking as far as Ramsgate I found a vessel there that wanted a man; and coming to the Thames after a coasting trip, I signed for the West Indiaman out of which I have just been pressed. That's the truth of the story, sir, as Heaven hears me.'

Once again he hid his face, and his strong frame shook with a violent fit of sobbing. They waited until he had collected himself, burning as they were with curiosity to hear Worksop's story, for the solution of the amazing mystery must lie in that.

'And now, what's *your* yarn?' says the captain.

Worksop seemed to emerge with his prodigiously elongated countenance out of a very trance or stupefaction of astonishment. He wiped his brow, threw a bewildered look around, dried his lips, and began.

'Your honour,' he said, 'this is how it was; and I do hope Heaven'll forgive me for being the involuntary cause of this poor gentleman's most

tremendous sufferings. He comes to bed on that precious night all right, just as he says, and found me a bit growling and surly, I dessay, for the fact was, your honour, that same afternoon, unbeknown to anybody belonging to the *Lonely Star*, I'd called upon a barber that was a stranger to me to let me some blood for an ugly pain I had in the side; and when this poor young fellow came to bed, I was lying very uneasy with the smart of the wound the barber had made. Well, I fell asleep, but was awakened by feeling my side cold and damp. There was light enough coming through the window, as this young man has already told your honour, to throw things out middling visible; and with half an eye I saw that I was bleeding badly, and that if I didn't look sharp, I must lose more blood than I was ever likely to get back again. I dressed myself in a hurry, meaning to run round to the barber's house, that he might strap up the wound he had made in ship-shape fashion, just noticing, whilst I pulled on my clothes, that this young gentleman had left the bed, and was out of the room, though I scarce gave the matter a moment's heed, being too anxious to get the bleeding stopped to think of anything else. I bundled down the staircase, and as I arrived on the pavement, a group of men pounced upon me. They were a pressgang from the first-rate the *Thunderer*, lying in the Downs. I tried to make 'em understand my condition; but instead of listening, they turned to and gagged me, and carried me, dripping as I was, which they wouldn't take much notice of in the dark, down to a bit of a pier on the beach, tossed me into the boat, and put me aboard, where I was properly doctored after the wound came to be looked at. When I'd served two months aboard the *Thunderer*, they transferred me to a sloop, and afterwards drafted me into this here vessel, your honour; and that's the blessed truth,' cried he, smiting the palm of his hand with his fist, 'as I'm alive to tell it.'

'Did you miss the knife?' inquired the commander.

'I did, your honour, when I came to feel in my pockets.'

'And the Spanish gold coin?'

'I did, sir, to my sorrow. I had thirty-six guineas in cash; the money was all right; but I'd have given it four times over to have got that Spanish bit back again.'

'How do you account for your possession of it?' inquired the captain, addressing York.

'Why, your honour, I think I can explain that,' cried Worksop, before the young fellow could answer. 'I've no more belief that I was robbed of it than I have that I'm a murdered man. This will have been it, your honour. The blade of my knife was a bit worn, and there was a vacant length in the hollow of it when clasped. The coin must have got jammed into that vacancy. It would fit well, sir; mor'n once I have drawn out the knife with the coin stuck in it. There was nothen, I suppose, but the wish to keep that coin away from my other money that allowed me to let it lie in the pocket where my knife was.'

'A wonderful story indeed,' said the captain. —'What is your name, my man?'

'Jeremy York, sir.'

'It will be my duty to put you in the way of

righting yourself with the law, that has most grievously sinned against you, at the earliest opportunity.—You can go forward, now, both of you.'

The captain of the man-of-war was as good as his word. On the arrival of the vessel at Havana, he sent York and Workson on board a king's ship that would be sailing for home in a few days. Out of his own purse he presented the young man with a handsome sum of money; whilst all hands, from the first-lieutenant down to the loblolly boy, subscribed dollars enough to handsomely tassel the handkerchief of the victim of circumstantial evidence. Further, the captain gave him a letter addressed to a relative of his holding an important official position at the Admiralty, in which he related York's story at large, and begged him so to interest himself in the affair as to contrive that the unfortunate young man should have his character thoroughly re-established, along with such reparation from government as influence could obtain.

The story is one hundred and thirty years old; time has blackened the canvas; one sees the singular picture but dimly, and such sequel as remains must be left to the imagination of the student of this blurred old-world piece. Yet tradition is not wholly unhelpful, for there is reason at least to believe that public emotion was sufficiently stirred by the representations of the broadsheets and prints of those days to result in a sum of money considerable enough not only to enable Jeremy York to marry his faithful sweet-heart Jenny Bax, but to free the young man from the obligation of going to sea for a living, and establish them both in a snug business in the neighbourhood of Limehouse.

#### SWEARING-IN AT HIGHGATE.

ABOUT one hundred years ago the question, 'Have you been sworn at Highgate?' was one very frequently asked in all parts of the country. At that time this interesting ceremony was flourishing in full vigour, and every one had heard of it.

It's a custom at Highgate, that all who go through  
Must be sworn on the horns, sir; and so, sir, must you.  
Bring the horns, shut the door; now, sir, take off your  
hat;

When you come here again, don't forget to mind *that*.

This last line refers to the peculiar password of those initiated at Highgate. If a man emphasised the word 'that' in conversation, one knew he had been sworn at Highgate. The custom is now quite a thing of the past, even in Highgate itself, and is scarcely known.

Highgate, being near London, in the palmy days of coaching was naturally a great place for taverns. In 1826, when it was not a very large place, there were no fewer than nineteen, the Gatehouse and the Red Lion being the most important. The Gatehouse inn used to extend right across the road to the burial-ground of the old chapel; hence the name. This arch was taken down in 1769, owing to its lowness. These inns derived much support from soldiers in time of war, as Highgate was generally a halting-place.

Imagine, then, a coach—there were sixty passed

a day—to be just stopping at one of the Highgate inns. When the passengers were all crowded into the room for refreshment, the subject of swearing-in was introduced. It was soon discovered as to who had taken the oath before, and who were willing to take it. When some one declared his willingness to be sworn, in came the landlord in a black gown, mask, and wig, accompanied by the clerk, holding the horns, which were fixed on a pole five feet long. Then the oath was administered to the person proposed. The oath was as follows, as nearly as possible: 'Upstanding and uncovered! Silence! Take notice what I now say unto you, for *that* is the first word of your oath, mind *that*! You must acknowledge me to be your adopted father; I must acknowledge you to be my adopted son. If you do not call me father, you forfeit a bottle of wine; and if I do not call you son, I forfeit the same. And now, my good son, if you are travelling through this village of Highgate, and you have no money in your pocket, go call for a bottle of wine at any house you think proper to go into, and book it to your father's score. If you have any friends with you, you may treat them as well; but if you have money of your own, you must pay for it for yourself. For you must not say you have no money, when you have; neither must you convey the money out of your own pocket into your friends' pockets, for I shall search you as well as them; and if it is found that you, or they, have money, you forfeit a bottle of wine for trying to cozen and cheat your poor old ancient father. You must not eat brown bread while you can get white, unless you like the brown better; you must not drink small-beer while you can get strong, except you like the small the best; or you must not kiss the maid while you can kiss the mistress, except you like the maid best; but sooner than lose a good chance, you may kiss them both.—And now, my good son, for a word or two of advice. Keep from all houses of ill repute, and every place of public resort for bad company; beware of false friends, for they will turn to be your foes, and inveigle you into houses where you may lose your money and get no redress; keep from thieves of every denomination.—And now, my good son, I wish you a safe journey through Highgate and this life. I charge you, my good son, that if you know any in this company who have not taken this oath, you must cause them to take it, or make each of them forfeit a bottle of wine; for if you fail to do so, you will forfeit a bottle of wine yourself.—So now, my son, God bless you! Kiss the horns, or a pretty girl, if you see one here, which you like best, and so be free of Highgate.' Hereupon, a woman, if present, was kissed; if not, the horns—an option not allowed formerly. In later times, after this salutation, the following was added: 'Silence! I have now to acquaint you with your privilege as a freeman of this place. If at any time you are going through Highgate, and want to rest yourself, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out the middle one and lie between them.'

The essential point for the neophyte to remem-



ber was *that*. If he forgot it, he was liable to be resworn. By this password, too, he could be known among his fellow-freedmen.

The origin of the practice is doubtful. Some say it was started by a landlord to increase his trade. The following, however, is the most likely explanation. Highgate, being the nearest spot to London where cattle stopped on their way between Smithfield and the North, many graziers put up at the Gatehouse. These being joined in fraternity, disliked admitting others to join them. Finding they could not exclude strangers, they brought round an ox, and made them kiss its horns, as a mark of fellowship, or quit them.

The horns were of different kinds. The Gatehouse, the Mitre, the Green Dragon, the Bell, the Wrestler, the Bull, the Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, the Crown, the Duke's Head, the Rose and Crown, and the Angel had stags' horns. The Red Lion and Sun had bullocks' horns. The Coach and Horses, the Castle, the Red Lion, the Coopers' Arms, the Flask, and the Fox and Crown had rams' horns. In many of the inns the old horns remain, notably at the Gatehouse, where are an immense pair in the hall. Unfortunately, however, none of the registers of the names of those sworn have been preserved. These would probably reveal many names of celebrated men, who deigned to take a part in this jocularly. Lord Byron was one who was sworn here, and refers to the custom in *Childe Harold* (Canto i. stanza 70):

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly;  
Some Richmond Hill ascend, some send to Ware,  
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
Ask ye, Beotian shades! the reason why?  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn horn,  
Grasped in the holy hand of mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and maids are sworn,  
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance till morn.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE art of cutting ship canals, which has reached such a wonderful development since the opening of that at Suez, is likely to receive an unfortunate check now that the scheme of piercing the Isthmus of Panama has proved so disastrous a financial failure. We feel much sympathy both with the promoter of this great enterprise and with those poor investors who have in many cases contributed to it all their savings. This scheme would most surely have been carried to a successful issue had not unforeseen obstacles presented themselves, the principal of which was the necessity of diverting the rapid waters of the river Chagres. A canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans will probably be made some day; but another route must be chosen, most probably the longer one by way of Lake Nicaragua, which, by the way, was the route advocated by the late Emperor Napoleon.

In the meantime, there comes a proposal to make another important Ship Canal which is to connect the Baltic and the White Seas. This

scheme dates from the time of Peter the Great; but it has remained dormant until the success of similar enterprises has once more aroused attention to this very hopeful project. There seems to be no great engineering difficulty to cope with, and it is quite certain that such a canal would have a strategical as well as an economical value; for such a water-way would open up a very large and fertile territory which suffers from the want of means of transport. The cost of this canal is estimated at ten million roubles; and the surveyors who have visited the district and sent in their Report assert that the difficulties of construction are practically nil. It is probable that the work of constructing this new canal will soon be entered upon.

Although the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888 has now become a thing of the past, we trust that many of the new machines and appliances shown there will not be suffered to sink into oblivion. Among these we call to mind the Collapsible Boat, designed by Mr Charles Henderson of 9 York Street, Glasgow. This boat is constructed of steel and wood combined, the framework having an outer flexible covering, made of a specially prepared canvas, which is both water-proof and rot-proof. This boat, although measuring nearly twenty-nine feet in length, weighs only eleven hundred-weight, and will contain with safety at sea sixty to seventy persons, together with water, provisions, &c., for their maintenance. In a collapsed state the boat only measures eleven inches in depth; and five such boats can be placed on board a vessel, one on the top of the other, and will only then occupy the space on board of an ordinary lifeboat. By means of this invention, therefore, it becomes possible for a large passenger steamer or emigrant ship to carry a sufficient number of boats, to save every life on board in case of emergency. We may mention that experiment shows that the boat can be rendered perfectly rigid and ready to place in the water in one minute; and innumerable trials have shown that the number of persons it will accommodate is not overstated. In these days of frequent collisions at sea, it is the positive duty of ship-owners to provide a ready means of escape for those whose lives are entrusted to them, and it seems that this new collapsible boat offers a very efficient means of doing so.

Those who have much penwork to do have often very unpleasant experience of a complaint which is known as writers' cramp. This affection manifests itself as a cramp of the fingers, accompanied by great pain in the wrist, and many means have been suggested for mitigating it. We have lately received from Mr McGill of Fraserburgh an instrument which he calls the Brachionograph, which he has invented for the relief of sufferers from writers' cramp. It consists of a gauntlet of soft leather, which is laced on the arm from below the wrist to about three-quarters of the length of the forearm. At its lower part this gauntlet is provided with a short rod, which will carry a steel nib like an ordinary penholder. There also projects from the gauntlet, at a certain angle, a metal rod, terminating in a knob or ball. Both these attachments can be regulated by set screws. The gauntlet having been placed on the writer's arm, where it is almost concealed by the sleeve being pulled over it, he writes with the nib,

while his fingers rest idle on the paper before him. By this means the right hand enjoys complete rest, for all movement is brought about from the elbow. From this it will be seen that the instrument is also applicable to those who have lost or injured the right hand. We have tried this apparatus, and feel certain that it fulfils the object for which it is designed.

It is not often that pontoon bridges are used except for military purposes, but those of our readers who have visited the Rhine scenery may remember that there is such a bridge for general use between Coblenz and Ehrenbreitstein. One of the same kind has recently been opened on the Missouri River, at Nebraska City, and it accomplishes a scheme which has long been under discussion, but which had not been carried out previously owing to the rapid current of this river and the opposition offered by the steamboat Companies using the water-way. But both these difficulties having been overcome, the bridge is now in use; and a very curious structure it is. Its total width is twenty-four feet, and it has a roadway for vehicles in the centre, and a pathway on each side for foot-passengers. It is V-shape in form, the point of the V being directed down stream. By very clever mechanism, the bridge opens at this point, when a vessel needs to pass along the river, the action of the tide separating the two halves of the bridge, which then leave an unobstructed channel of five hundred and twenty-eight feet. The current, too, is made the means of closing the bridge, when the vessel has passed; the whole mechanism being put in action by one pair of hands. It is possible that similar bridges will, on account of their cheapness, be constructed on other streams.

The very successful series of Exhibitions which have taken place in London during the last few years are to be continued this year by the establishment of a Spanish Exhibition upon the site of the late American and Italian Exhibitions. And from the extensive preparations which are being made for this important show, it is almost sure to be successful. It is intended to gather here representative collections of articles from the chief centres of industry; and as Spain is not so much visited as other continental countries, English people no doubt will take this opportunity of learning more about it. As in the case of previous Exhibitions, national life will be illustrated by the erection of streets, occupied by citizens in their picturesque costumes, and engaged in their various employments.

Two novel vessels have recently been constructed in America, the first of which can be described as a steamboat, although it is very different from those of the ordinary pattern. It contains a boiler and engine at the stern of the boat, but the method by which this boiler is heated is entirely novel. The fuel is kerosene, which is vaporised by means of heat in a coiled tube, and is then driven out into the furnace and mixed with air. This mixed vapour will burn, it is said, without any smoke or smell, and without any fouling of the boiler tubes. Steam can be got up to working-pressure in three or four minutes, a circumstance which alone is very favourable to this type of vessel.

The other vessel to which we call attention has lately been described in the *New York Herald*.

This is still more of a novelty, in that the working parts are without motion, and therefore there is at once a guarantee that no power is lost by friction. Vaporised petroleum is here the active power in propelling the vessel, but instead of feeding the engine, the vapour is forced from a tank into cylinders, and is ignited by an electric spark. These cylinders are open to the water; and the continual and successive explosions of the vapour act upon that water, rocket-fashion, so that the boat is propelled by the various blows upon the resisting water caused by these constant explosions. The inventor, Mr John H. Secor, claims the following advantages for this boat. The supply of fuel is automatic, and this fuel is consumed directly it is introduced to the cylinders. There is instantaneous conversion of heat into power; and as the functions of the usual modern engine are performed by the combustion chambers, the room occupied by the ordinary machinery is almost altogether saved. We are not informed whether this new boat has been submitted to practical test.

We some time ago announced that M. Pasteur had proposed a novel method of grappling with the rabbit-pest in Australia and New Zealand. This method consisted in infecting the food of the rabbits with microbes of chicken cholera; and the experiments in this country had shown the method to be successful. But the experimental tests which have lately been carried out in New South Wales have to a certain extent failed. Rabbits which actually ate of the food prepared for them did die of the disease; but it is said that they did not carry it to other rabbits. In other words, there were no signs of contagion. It is noteworthy in referring to this subject that the colonists of these rabbit-ridden districts are compensated to a certain extent by the immense export of rabbit-skins which has taken place since the rabbit-plague became the question of the day. From New Zealand alone, during the past ten years, there have been sent out seventy million skins, valued at three-quarters of a million sterling; and during the same period, nearly half that quantity has been exported from Victoria. A large quantity of these skins reach the English market, where cony wool, as it is called, is valued at seven shillings per pound. Many of the cheaper kinds of furs which are used for the linings of coats and cloaks, although supposed to belong to more valued animals, really come from the despised bunny of the antipodes.

Dr Crookes, whose Radiometer astonished the scientific world a few years ago—an instrument, we may remind our readers, which shows the direct change of light into motion, and the phosphorescence of electrified molecules in high vacua—has presented to the Department of Science and Art his collection of instruments, including the first radiometer ever constructed. Some of these instruments are not only of great scientific value, but of intrinsic value also, for they contain collections of rubies, diamonds, and other precious stones for exhibiting the phenomena of phosphorescence. These instruments will be of great value also from an educational point of view, and will be kept for permanent exhibition in the Science Galleries of the South Kensington Museum.

'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?' says

the poet Pope. And surely we may quote this line in referring to that remarkable substance called saccharine, among the latest of the many by-products of the gas manufacture. Some doctors tell us that it is a valuable remedy in certain diseases, that it might usefully take the place of sugar, because it does not interfere with the digestive processes, and that it is in every way innocuous. But their French confrères are of quite the opposite opinion, and warn people against the use of saccharine, as if it were actually a poison.

The propulsion of street tramway cars by means of electricity, although it has been tried in this country, has not, in general, so far succeeded. In New York it appears to be different, for the Julien Electric Promotion Company of that city are now running three cars, apparently with very satisfactory results. These vehicles are driven by means of accumulators or storage batteries, and whereas it used to be necessary to charge these batteries after each trip of twelve miles, they will now run for double that distance without recharging; and the Company hope shortly to make arrangements by which the motors will run thirty-six miles with a single charge from the stationary dynamo-machine.

The medical editor of a certain London paper, who advocates a vegetarian diet, certainly seems to have the courage of his opinions, for he has undertaken to live for an entire month on nothing but whole meal and distilled water. This meal he grinds himself, mixes it with cold distilled water into a batter, and bakes it for an hour and a half. He allows himself one pound of meal and two pints of water daily. The result of this interesting experiment will be looked forward to both by vegetarians and flesh-eaters, and cannot fail in any case to throw light upon many physiological points which are open to question.

The great telescope at the Lick Observatory, California, seems to answer all the expectations of those who were concerned in its establishment. It has already been used for photographic purposes; and we have just had an opportunity of seeing a very marvellous photograph of the moon five inches in diameter, which has been taken by its aid. But big telescopes seem to be somewhat like big guns in the desire which they generate for something bigger still, and it is said that the university of Southern California intends to rival the telescope at the Lick Observatory altogether by constructing one on a far larger scale. Whereas the object-glass of the latter instrument measures three feet across, the contemplated instrument is to have one of forty inches. But it is one thing to contemplate the construction of such an object-glass, and a different thing to complete that construction, not that there is so much difficulty in the work as in producing a plate of glass free from striae and other defects. However, it is said that the well-known firm of A. Clark & Co. has been requested to undertake the work.

Although we have no white ants in this country to eat away our woodwork and to leave but a thin shell behind them, we have a destroyer of wood which is in many cases almost as bad. We refer to dry-rot, which often will render a sound piece of timber as soft as pith. The question has lately been discussed whether this dry-rot is contagious; and it has been asserted that the germ of this

disease in wood may be communicated to sound timber by tools which have previously been used where dry-rot exists. The suggestion is plausible, and it would not seem unnatural that contagion should be possible under such circumstances, and therefore it is a matter that should be submitted to experts.

The invention of the microscope has usually been credited to a Dutchman, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth century. Some doubt has recently been thrown upon the correctness of this statement in a paper presented to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by M. Govi. He does not claim for one of his own countrymen the honour of having invented this marvellous instrument, but traces its discovery to Galileo, who, although not the inventor of the telescope, is certainly the first man who used it for astronomical research. M. Govi supports his views by certain letters from Galileo which speak unmistakably of magnified images of minute objects, such as parts of insects, &c. We are inclined to think that the discovery of the microscope can hardly be credited to any one man. We know that the use of a lens was known many centuries before the time of Galileo, and by the natural process of evolution the microscope was bound to follow it. But the instrument did not reach its development until late in the present century, and we must certainly look among men of our own times for those to whom the most credit is due.

A train on the Midland Railway has during the past two winters been fitted with a heating apparatus known as the Foulis Patent Railway Carriage-heater. The apparatus consists of a small boiler, which is placed above the ordinary roof-lamp of the carriage, communicating with which are two pipes which serve to circulate the water, and which in turn are connected with a heater below the seat of the carriage. The plan is effectual, and has the merit of being quite free from danger. At the same time it will be observed that the heat used costs nothing.

The whole of Great Britain and Northern France were during the month of December almost constantly enveloped in fog, and this fog was of course felt in its greatest intensity at London, where smoke abatement is a thing at present only talked about. An unusual feature of this fog was the saturated state of the atmosphere, and the leafless branches of the trees testified to the fact by their constant dripping. It is pointed out by the *Times* that this species of wet fog is not nearly so dangerous to life as the dry variety, by which, a few years back, many of the beasts at the London Cattle Show were suffocated. Nothing of the kind occurred during the late show, although the darkness was sometimes that of night. It is suggested that it would be an interesting subject for study to investigate the two conditions under which fog is presented to us, and the reason why one should be so much more harmful than the other.

We are glad to observe that the Zoological Society have secured three living specimens of Pallas's sand-grouse, the interesting stranger from Asia which lately in large flocks paid a visit to the British Isles. On the appearance of any rare feathered creature, it is the custom to use every endeavour to shoot it; and we are glad, therefore,

of evidence that at least three of these birds escaped. In the island of Møen (Denmark) lately, a *rara avis* had not so lucky an escape, for it was shot at sight. This bird was a specimen of the Isabelline Courser (*Cursorius Isabellinus*), a native of the Desert of Sahara, which has only twice before been seen in Europe.

### THE FORTH BRIDGE AND THE NOVEMBER GALES.

THE severity of the gales in November last, as measured by the recording instruments at the Forth Bridge, affords ample evidence of the intensity of one of the most prolonged storms that have been felt in Scotland for many years. The worst of these gales was that which began early on the morning of the 16th and continued with but little intermission into the morning of the 17th. The wind blew from the south-west; and those in charge of the Forth Bridge believed that, though blowing very hard on Friday, the gale was if anything more severe in the early hours of the following morning.

The Forth Bridge wind-gauges, situated on the old castle of Inchgarvie—a familiar object to all visitors to Queensferry—are three in number. The large gauge presents an area of three hundred square feet to the wind, and is fixed parallel to the centre line of the Forth Bridge, being specially designed and erected to test the pressure of wind over a larger area than that of the gauges commonly in use. This gauge registered at 9 A.M. on the 17th November, for the previous twenty-four hours, a maximum pressure of twenty-seven pounds per square foot. The small revolving gauge, which has an area of only one and a half square feet, and by means of a vane is always at right angles to the direction of the wind, indicated a pressure on the same day of thirty-five pounds per square foot; whilst the gauge of similar dimensions, but rigidly fixed with its face parallel to the centre line of the bridge, registered on the same date forty-one pounds per square foot, a pressure corresponding to a velocity of wind exceeding ninety miles per hour.

It will be noted that the pressure per square foot on the large gauge is considerably less than on the smaller gauges; this reading corresponds with all previous experience at the Forth Bridge, and would seem to indicate that the pressure on the small gauges must be due to 'threads of air' of limited area and high velocity, which, when integrated over a large surface, produce an average pressure of considerably reduced intensity. The inference deduced—namely, that the greater the surface the less the resultant average pressure per square foot, is favourable to the stability of large structures with reference to wind-pressure.

The severity of the gale was evidenced by the numerous casualties in different parts of the country; the Forth itself was the scene of several shipping disasters; and Leith harbour, crowded with vessels which had put in to repair, abundantly testified to the duration and intensity of the gale. Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory to add that neither the permanent erection nor any of the temporary steel structures of the Forth Bridge in any way suffered from the gale;

some slight damage to timber-stagings, some minor injury to wooden huts, and the shifting of loose planking, being the only loss sustained. The Forth Bridge has behaved precisely as its designers knew it would do, and public confidence in the stability of the giant cantilevers has received material support from this severe and impromptu testing.

### SUNWARDS.

DAZZLING track of woven beams,  
Stretching to the farthest verge,  
Where blue sky in blue sea seems  
Scarce perceptibly to merge,  
Art thou not a lustrous band  
Linking Earth to Wonderland?

Oh, if mortal man might pass  
Like a god across the brine,  
Where between two planes of glass  
Lies the fiery liquid line,  
Marvels on yon path of gold  
Would his dazzled eyes behold.

He might gaze on either side  
Down into the deepest deep,  
Where untouched of storm or tide,  
Monsters heave in dreamless sleep;  
Glimpses catch beneath the foam  
Of the mermaid's coral home.

He might tread the watery ways,  
Meeting none but phantom ships,  
Pass into the golden haze,  
Where the sun reluctant dips;  
Would he find yon pathway curled  
Down towards the under-world?

Nay, perchance beyond our view  
Leaps the bright path into space,  
Leads through leagues of filmy blue  
To a far, delicious place,  
In the sparkle of some star  
Where all fair enchantments are.

Thither should the traveller win  
O'er the clear crystalline track,  
Once those fairy realms within  
Would he evermore wend back?  
Never! Who, from yonder pale  
Would return to tell the tale?

L. J. G.

### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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